

BLACK DIAMOND  
WESTERN

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APRIL

NO. 55

# BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

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LEV GLEASON PUBLISHED AND EDITOR



MYRON  
FASS

LET ME TAKE THESE  
VARMINTS IN. THEY'LL  
GET WHAT'S COMING TO  
THEM IN A COURT OF  
LAW AND  
ORDER!



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**PLAY  
 A GUITAR**

*and its so  
 Easy, too!*

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**SENSATIONAL NEW  
 "PICTURE WAY"**

**IT'S THE  
 PICTURES  
 THAT SHOW  
 HOW TO PLAY**

**SHOWS HOW TO PLAY GUITAR  
 in 10 DAYS or YOUR MONEY BACK**

**CAN YOU Hold Your  
 Fingers LIKE  
 THIS?**



**WHY NOT  
 Play the  
 Guitar?**

**MAIL THIS  
 COUPON  
 NOW!**

**48 PHOTOS  
 Show EXACTLY  
 Where to Put  
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**OVER 100  
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I've discovered a brand new way of showing folks how to play the Guitar... and I guarantee to SHOW YOU in just 10 days. It's done with pictures, 48 actual photos that show you exactly how to do the fingering, strumming, etc. You don't have to study a lot of printed words like you do in most courses. With my home-teaching course, it's mostly a matter of just doing what you see being shown in the pictures. It's the easiest and best way that anybody's ever seen. Even if you've never held a Guitar in your hand before, my New "PICTURE WAY" will show you how to play. Experienced players, even other professional entertainers have told me that this "PICTURE WAY" improves their playing.

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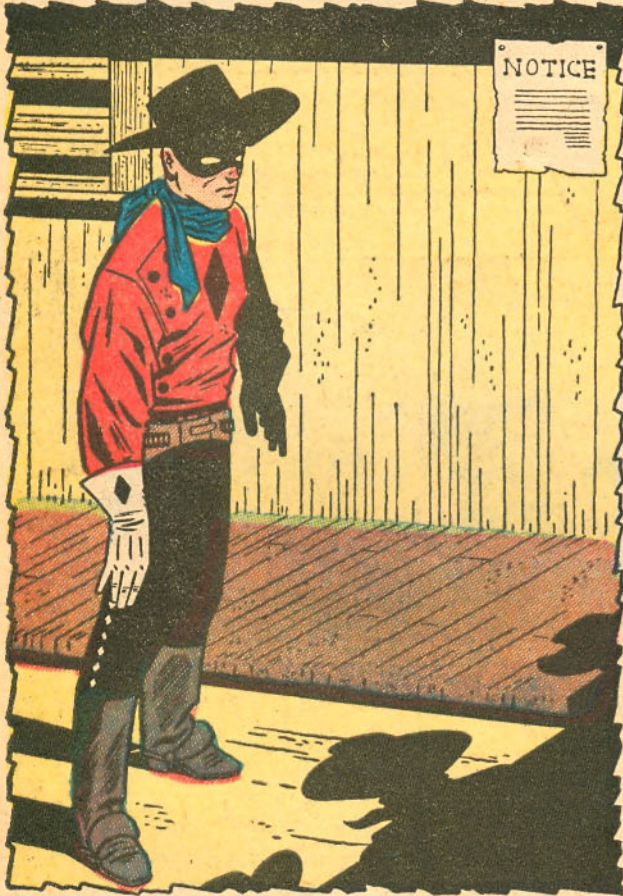
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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# BLACK DIAMOND

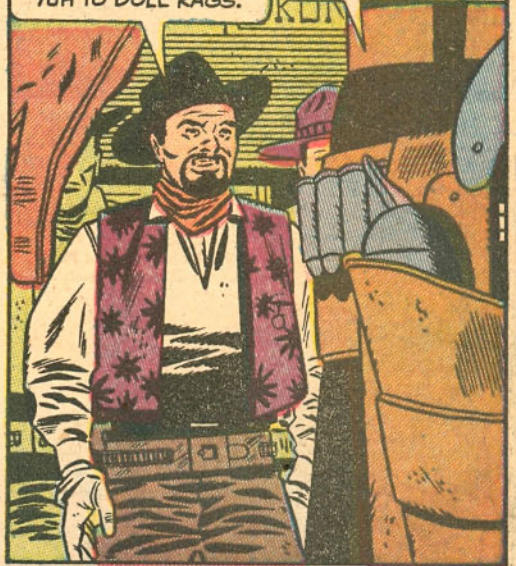
## in REDMAN'S VENGEANCE

THE NEWS SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE, AS THE STREETS OF ADOBE FLATS GREW OMINOUSLY SILENT AND DEVOID OF LIFE. **BLACK DIAMOND WAS IN TOWN,** AND THE LONG AWAITED SHOWDOWN WITH BAT SLADE AND HIS KILLERS WAS AT HAND.



YORE CRAZY, DIAMOND, CRAZY? IT'S THREE AGIN' ONE, WE'LL SHOOT YUH TO DOLL RAGS.

FILL YOUR HANDS, COYOTES, I'M WAITIN' ON YOU.



**BLACK DIAMOND STANDS READY, A COLD METHODOLOGICAL LOOK IN HIS EYES, ALERT FOR THE FIRST MOVE THAT WOULD BRING HIS GUNS INTO PLAY. AND IN THE BRIEF SECONDS BEFORE ANYTHING OCCURS, HIS MIND RACES BACK... BACK TO THE BEGINNING...**



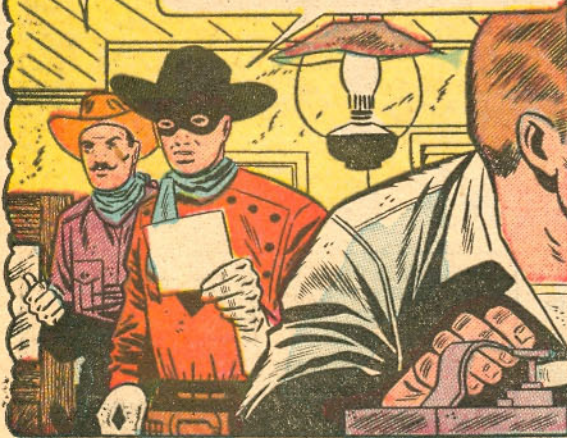
RIDE WITH BLACK DIAMOND  
AND BUMPER AS THEY GALLOP TO  
ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE  
OF THE OLD WEST!



STORY & ART  
PETE  
MORISI

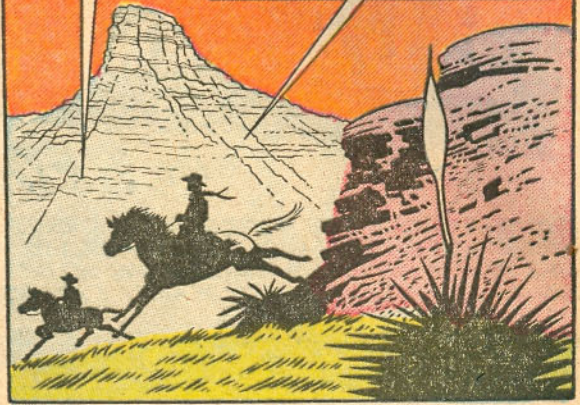
WHAT IS IT, DIAMOND, TROUBLE?

**SAD TROUBLE, BUMPER. IT'S FROM SHERIFF JED BLAKE, HE NEEDS OUR HELP. RED DEER AND HIS TRIBE ARE GETTIN' READY TO GO ON THE WARPATH. LET'S GO!**



ISN'T THIS RED DEER A FRIEND OF YOURS, DIAMOND?

THAT'S RIGHT, BUMPER, HE PRACTICALLY RAISED ME FROM CHILDHOOD. HIS SON, BRAVE CLOUD, AND I WERE BROUGHT UP AS BROTHERS TOGETHER. **SCRATCH DUST, RELIAPON!**



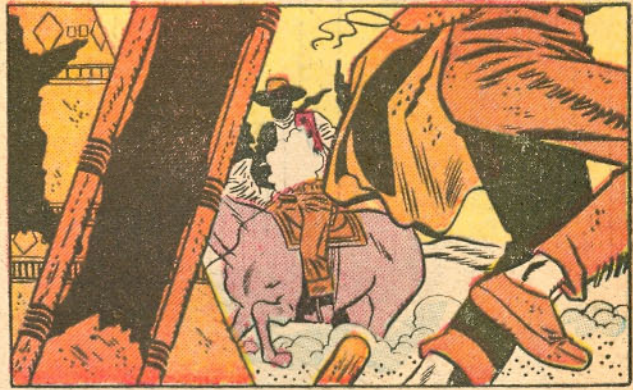
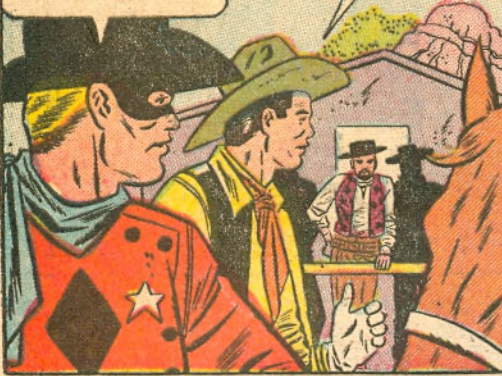
**A DAY LATER, IN THE TOWN OF ADOBE FLATS.**

BUT WHY, JED? RED DEER HAS ALWAYS BEEN AT PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN. WHY WOULD HE TURN HOSTILE NOW?

THERE'S YORE ANSWER, BLACK DIAMOND, IN THE FORM OF A TWO-LEGGED POLECAT NAMED **BAT SLADE**.

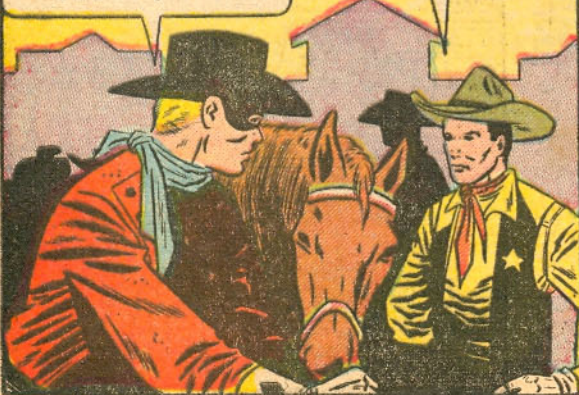


**\*THINGS WERE GOIN' ALONG RIGHT PEACEFUL-LIKE, DIAMOND, THAT IS, UNTIL SLADE GOT WIND OF A RICH GOLD VEIN LOCATED ON THE INJUN RESERVATION. SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN CAUSIN' TROUBLE, HOPIN' TO START A FRACAS THAT WOULD WIPE RED DEER AND HIS TRIBE OUT, SO'S HE CAN GET AT THAT GOLD!**



SO NOW, RED DEER WANTS TO GO ON THE WARPATH, EH? CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME HIM MUCH. BUT TELL ME JED, AS SHERIFF OF ADOBE FLATS, WHY HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT SLADE IN?

CAN'T, BLACK DIAMOND, I'D BE A FOOL TO TACKLE HIM, AS LONG AS HIS GUNSLINGERS ARE WITH HIM. AN' HE DON'T DO NOTHIN' WITHOUT 'EM.



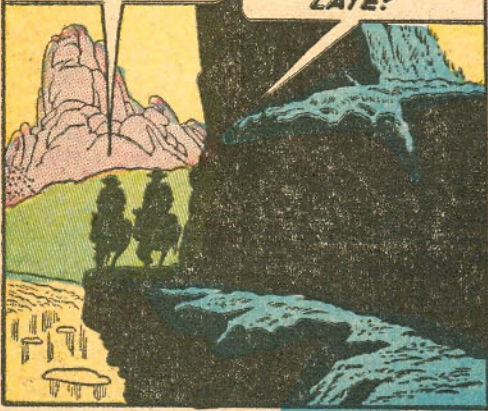
BUMPER AND I ARE RIDING OUT TO RED DEER'S CAMP. MAYBE HE'LL LISTEN TO REASON. IN THE MEANTIME, GET WORD TO BAT SLADE AND HIS SIDEKICKS, **AND TELL THEM I'LL BE BACK!**



HOURS LATER, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER WERE DEEP IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

I DON'T LIKE THIS, DIAMOND, SOMETHING IS WRONG. I CAN FEEL IT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, THE DRUMS HAVE STOPPED. THE WAR COUNCIL IS OVER, WE'RE TOO LATE!

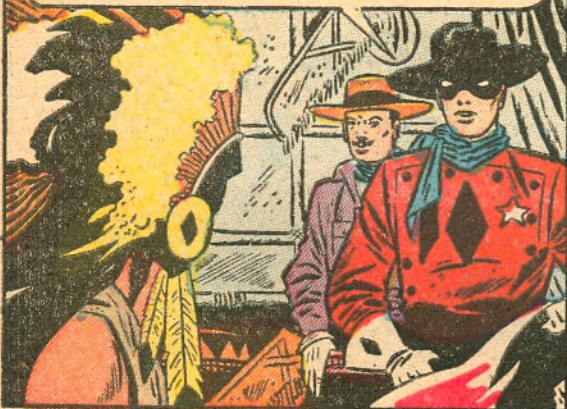


THE TWO HORSEMEN SOON ARRIVED AT THE INDIAN CAMP AND, THE REUNION OF OLD FRIENDS WAS SET ASIDE, AS BLACK DIAMOND TOLD HIS STORY, BUT HIS WORDS FELL UPON DEAF EARS.

ONCE WE ROAMED THE PLAINS, A PROUD AND FREE PEOPLE. THEN, THE WHITE MAN CAME AND DROVE US FROM OUR LANDS. WE HAVE BEEN FORCED TO LIVE WITHIN ANOTHER MAN'S LAWS, AND SPAT UPON BY RENEGADES WHO WOULD SEE US DESTROYED. WE ARE NOT CATTLE TO BE LED TO THE SLAUGHTER. THE TIME TO ARISE IS NOW!



YOU FORCE ME, MY CHIEF, TO MAKE A DECISION WHICH WILL HANG HEAVY WITH ME FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS. IN ACCORDANCE WITH TRIBAL LAWS, I NOW CLAIM THE RIGHT OF MORTAL COMBAT, THE OUTCOME TO DECIDE THE COURSE YOUR PEOPLE WILL TAKE.

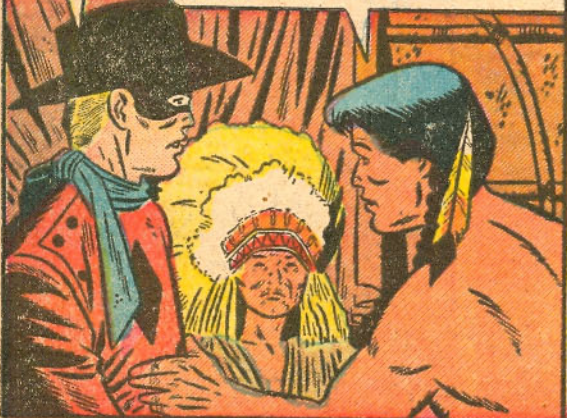


YOUR CLAIM SADDENS ME, DIAMOND, BUT IT CANNOT BE REFUSED. TRIBAL LAWS ALSO DECREE THAT ONLY THE BRAVEST OF THE TRIBE CAN ENGAGE IN SUCH A COMBAT, AND THERE IS NO ONE HERE THAT SURPASSES THE COURAGE OF BRAVE CLOUD, MY SON!



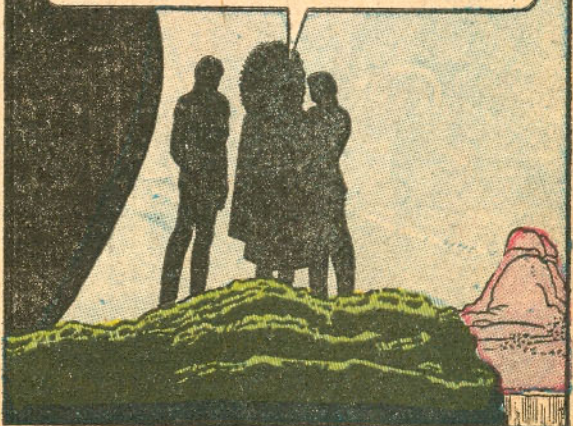
BRAVE CLOUD! BUT I CAN'T... I MEAN...

IT IS WELL, MY BROTHER, I KNOW WHAT IS IN YOUR HEART, BUT THE TIME HAS PASSED FOR WORDS. THE DESTINY OF A PEOPLE RESTS ON OUR SHOULDERS, SO PREPARE TO FIGHT WELL.

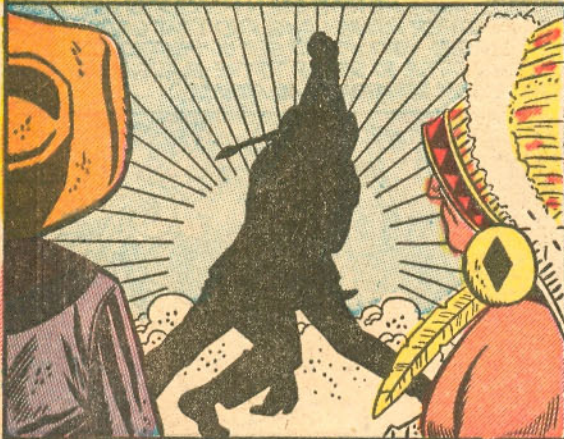


LATER, ATOP THUNDER RIDGE, WHERE THE BATTLE IS TO TAKE PLACE, A SAD CHIEFTAIN GIVES THE WORD FOR THE BATTLE TO BEGIN.

THE TIME IS AT HAND, MY SONS. MAY THE GODS WATCH OVER YOU BOTH. COMMENCE!



THE MASKED MAN AND THE INDIAN BRAVE LOCK IN COMBAT, EACH RESPECTING THE OTHER'S GREAT STRENGTH. THE SECONDS TICK BY INTO AN ETERNITY OF MINUTES, AS THE BATTLE, AT FIRST GOES ONE WAY, AND THEN, ANOTHER.

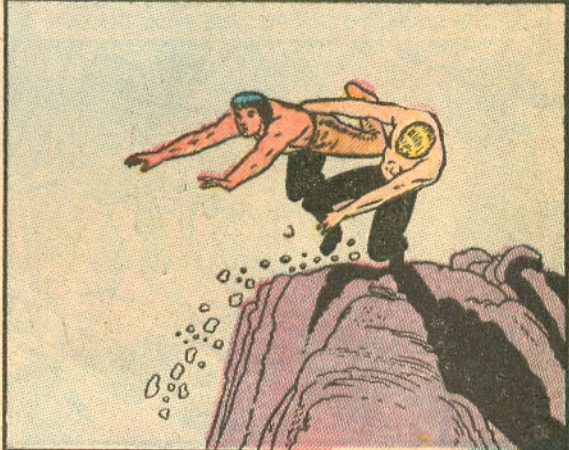
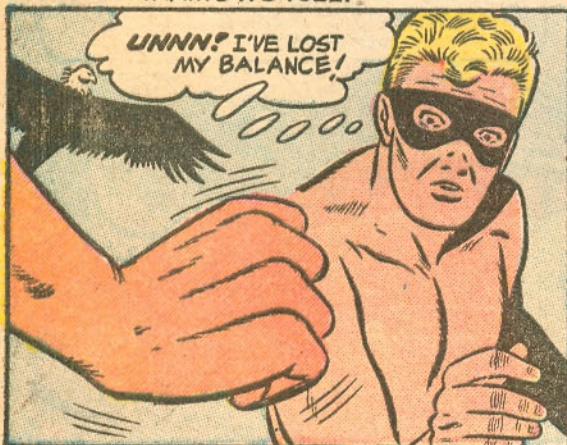


TIME AND TIME AGAIN EACH MAN ATTEMPTS VICTORY, BUT BOTH MEN HAVE BEEN TAUGHT WELL; NEITHER GIVES GROUND. THE BATTLE IS AN EQUAL ONE, AND ONLY ENDURANCE AND STAMINA, WOULD DETERMINE THE OUTCOME.



AN HOUR PASSES, THEN TWO, AS THE FATE OF A PEOPLE HANGS IN THE BALANCE. MUSCLES TIRE UNDER MERCILESS PUNISHMENT AS BOTH MEN BEGIN TO WEAKEN. THE SILENT STRUGGLE WAS TAKING ITS TOLL.

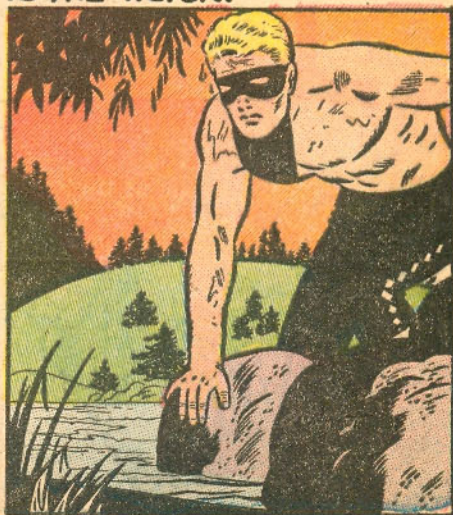
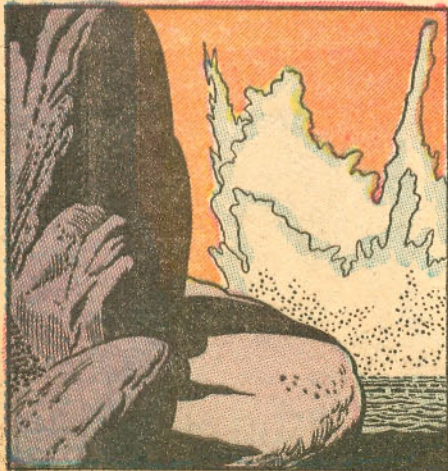
SEEING HIS ADVANTAGE, BRAVE CLOUD LUNGES WILDLY FOR HIS MASKED OPPONENT, ONLY TO BE CAUGHT IN A STEEL-LIKE GRIP THAT SENDS THEM BOTH TOWARD THE PRECIPICE.



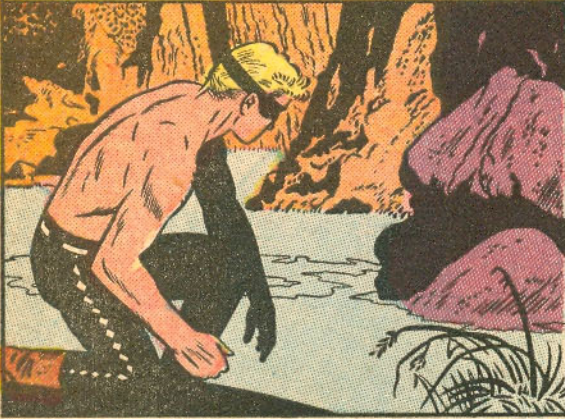
BOTH COMBATANTS HURL DOWNWARD INTO THE WATERS BELOW, BUT THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES, FOR ONLY ONE CAN EMERGE VICTORIOUS.

FOR A MOMENT THE WATER THRASHES WILDLY ABOUT, AND THEN, SUDDENLY, ALL IS CALM. THE BATTLE IS OVER.

AND BLACK DIAMOND IS THE VICTOR.

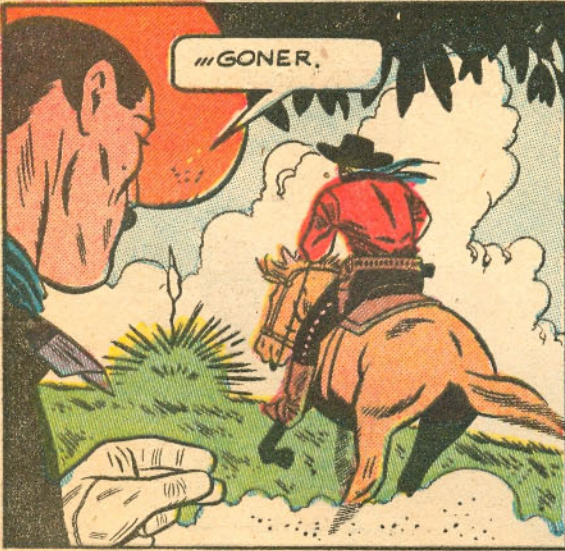
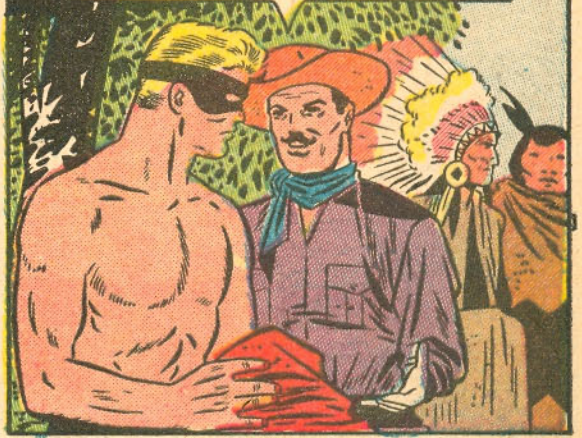


THE WESTERN CHAMPION KNEELS BY THE WATERS EDGE, AND MUTTERS A SILENT PRAYER FOR HIS INDIAN BLOOD BROTHER. A TWIST OF FATE HAD MADE THEM ENEMIES, AND THE INDIAN HAD DIED FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE RIGHT. NOW, THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.



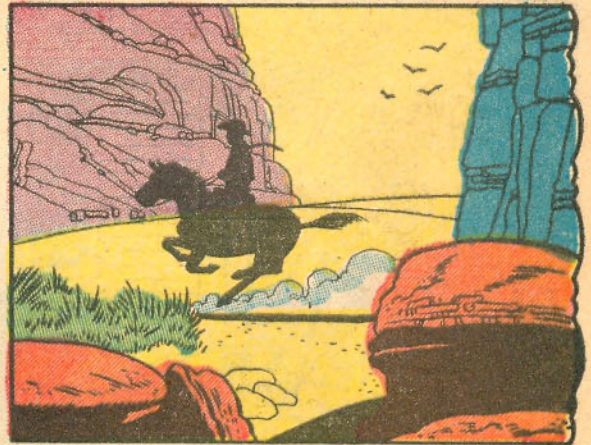
SOON, BUMPER, RED DEER, AND HIS TRIBE ARRIVE UPON THE SCENE.

MAN, DIAMOND, YOU SURE GAVE ME A SCARE. I THOUGHT YOU WERE A



“GONER.”

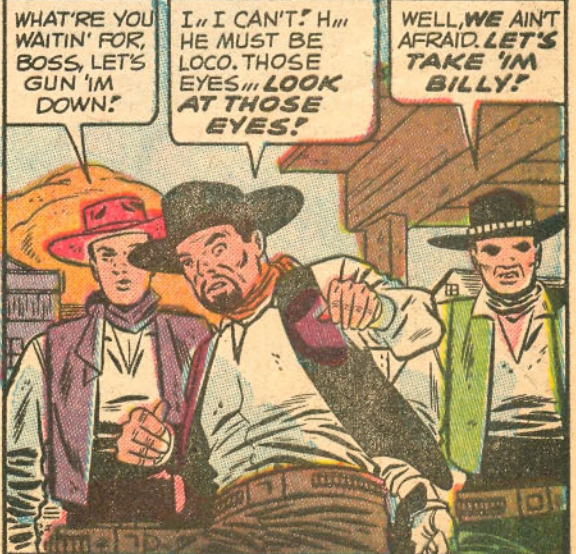
BUMPER'S WORDS GO UNHEARD, AS BLACK DIAMOND URGES HIS MOUNT IN THE DIRECTION OF ADOBE FLATS, A COLD GRIM LOOK IN HIS EYES. BAT SLADE AND HIS KILLERS WOULD PAY DEARLY FOR BRAVE CLOUD'S DEATH.



THAT'S THE WAY IT HAD BEEN. AND NOW, THE SHOWDOWN WAS AT HAND.



YOU HEARD ME, COYOTES, FILL YOUR HANDS!



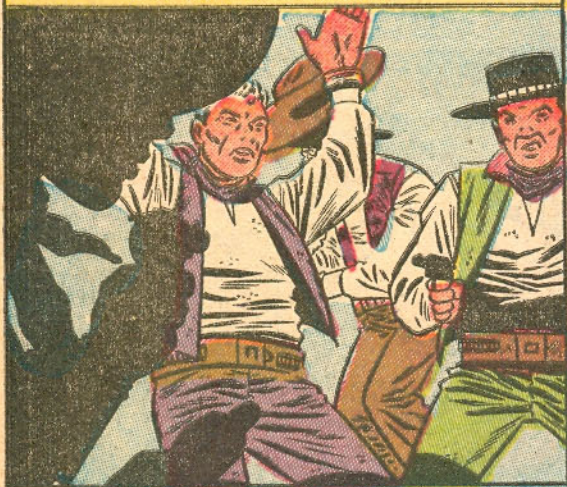
WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR, BOSS, LET'S GUN 'IM DOWN!

I " I CAN'T! H " HE MUST BE LOCO. THOSE EYES " LOOK AT THOSE EYES!

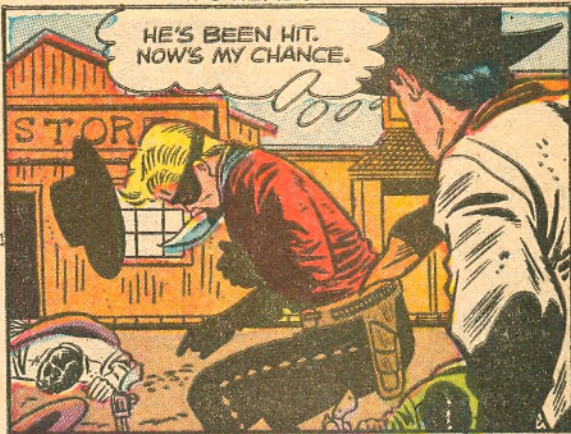
WELL, WE AINT AFRAID. LET'S TAKE 'IM BILLY!



THE ECHO OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF ADOBE FLATS, AS BLACK DIAMOND'S GUNS RIP OUT A ROAR OF DEATH.



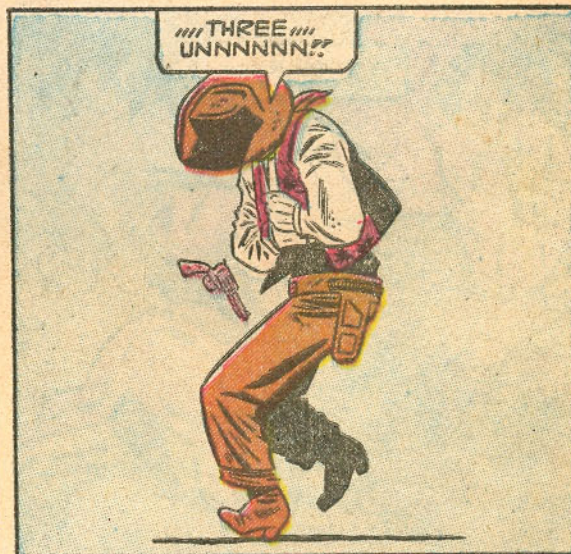
AS THE SMOKE CLEARED, TWO GUNSLINGERS LAY DEAD ON THE GROUND. ONLY BLACK DIAMOND AND BAT SLADE REMAINED, BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MASKED MAN'S KNEES BUCKLED, AND HE FELL FORWARD, A NASTY WOUND ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.



HA-HA-HA! NOW IT'S MY TURN, DIAMOND. AN' I'M BLASTIN' YOU TO BOOT HILL, LIKE ALL THE OTHER HOMBRES THAT TRIED TO TACKLE BAT SLADE. HA-HA-HA! ONE!!! TWO!!!



!!! THREE !!!  
UNNNNNN???



RED DEER!  
BUMPER!  
HOW!!!?

RED DEER AND I FIGURED YOU MIGHT BE NEEDIN' SOME HELP RIGHT ABOUT NOW, DIAMOND. GUESS WE FIGURED RIGHT, EH?



HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE INDIAN CAMP,

GO IN PEACE, MY SON, FOR MY PEOPLES VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE. THE WHITE RENEGADES THAT WOULD SEE US DESTROYED, ARE NO MORE. AND TAKE WITH YOU, BLACK DIAMOND, THE THANKS OF A NATION UNITED!!!  
!!! YOURS AND MINE! !!!



The  
END

THROUGHOUT THE AGES, VISIONS OF BURIED TREASURE HAVE LED GREEDYMEN TO COMMIT ACTS OF MAYHEM AND MURDER. IN THE WESTERN COUNTRY LIES THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF ARIZONA. MOVING ACROSS THE ROCKY INFERNO, COMES BLACK DIAMOND, ON THE TRAIL OF BURIED TREASURE... SEEKING FOR A MYTH, WONDERING IF THERE IS ANY TRUTH BEHIND THE STRANGE LEGEND OF...

# The Devil's Drum!



PIPER FASS

ONE EVENING AS TWILIGHT BLANKETS THE PRAIRIE, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER RODE INTO A MYSTERIOUS VALLEY. OUT OF THE EERIE BLACKNESS, LOOMED A WEIRD MOUNTAIN...

I RECKON THIS IS LONELIEST COUNTRY I'VE EVER SEEN! LOOK AT THE SHAPE OF THAT MOUNTAIN... IT'S LIKE A GIANT DRUM!

THERE'S MANY A STRANGE TALE ABOUT THAT MOUNTAIN. THE INDIANS CALL IT THE DEVIL'S DRUM!



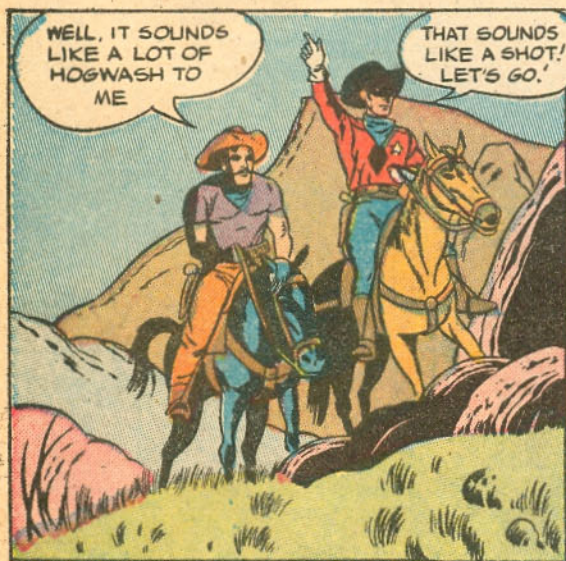


LISTEN! THAT SOUND... LIKE A WEIRD BEATING! IT SURE ENOUGH IS SPOOKY!

IT'S COMING FROM THAT DRUM-SHAPED MOUNTAIN! FOLKS SAY THE SOUND IS MADE WHEN THE WIND STRIKES AT A CERTAIN ANGLE AND ECHOS THROUGH ITS CAVERNS!



BUT, THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS CLAIM IT'S THEIR GREAT SPIRIT, MANITOU BEATING A DEATH CHANT! THEY SAY THAT WHEN THE DRUM SOUNDS, SOMEONE WILL DIE! IN THIS WAY, MANITOU PROTECTS THE LONG LOST TREASURE OF THE TRIBE, SAID TO BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS!



WELL, IT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF HOGWASH TO ME

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT! LET'S GO.



LOOK, BLACK DIAMOND! THERE'S AN OLD GENT LYING NEAR THAT PILE OF ROCK SEEMS TO BE IN MIGHTY BAD SHAPE!

WHO COULDN'T FIRE THAT SHOT? DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY AROUND!



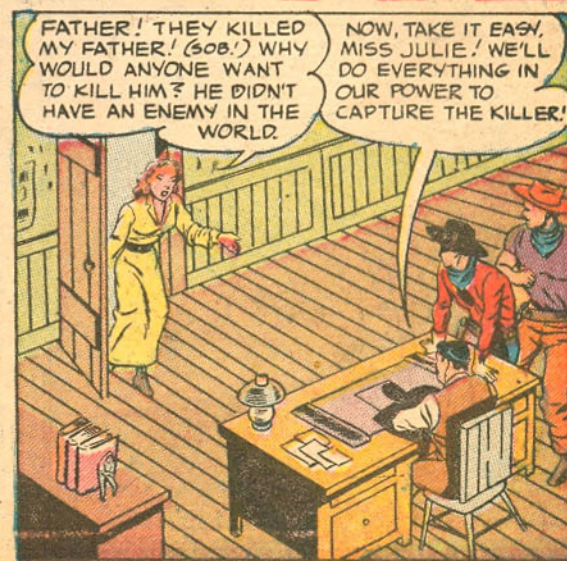
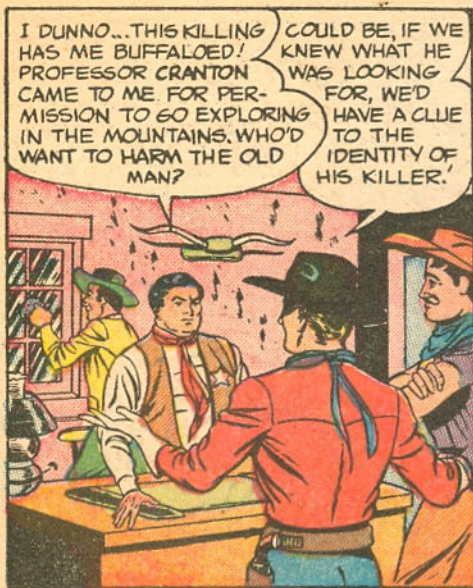
REST EASY, OLD TIMER! WHO DRY-GULCHED YOU?

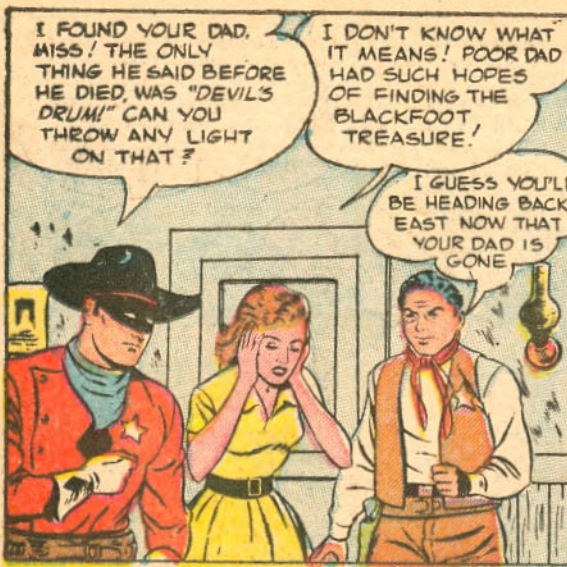
UHHH... UHHH... TREASURE... DEVIL'S DRUM... OOOH!...



HE'S DEAD! HE JUST MUTTERED SOMETHING THE DEVIL'S DRUM AND A TREASURE!

ACCORDING TO THESE PAPERS IN HIS WALLET, HE WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST NAMED ALFRED CRANTON. WE BETTER NOTIFY THE SHERIFF!





I FOUND YOUR DAD, MISS! THE ONLY THING HE SAID BEFORE HE DIED, WAS "DEVIL'S DRUM!" CAN YOU THROW ANY LIGHT ON THAT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS! POOR DAD HAD SUCH HOPES OF FINDING THE BLACKFOOT TREASURE!

I GUESS YOU'LL BE HEADING BACK EAST NOW THAT YOUR DAD IS GONE



I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I FIND MY FATHER'S MURDERER! ALSO I THINK MY FATHER WOULD HAVE LIKED ME TO CARRY ON HIS WORK!

NOW, SEE HERE, MISS JULIE! I'M NOT LETTING A GIRL GO GALLIVANTING AROUND THIS LONELY COUNTRY. THE HOMBRE THAT KILLED YOUR FATHER, MIGHT HAVE THE SAME IDEA ABOUT YOU!



I'D LIKE TO TRACK DOWN THAT KILLER AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE!

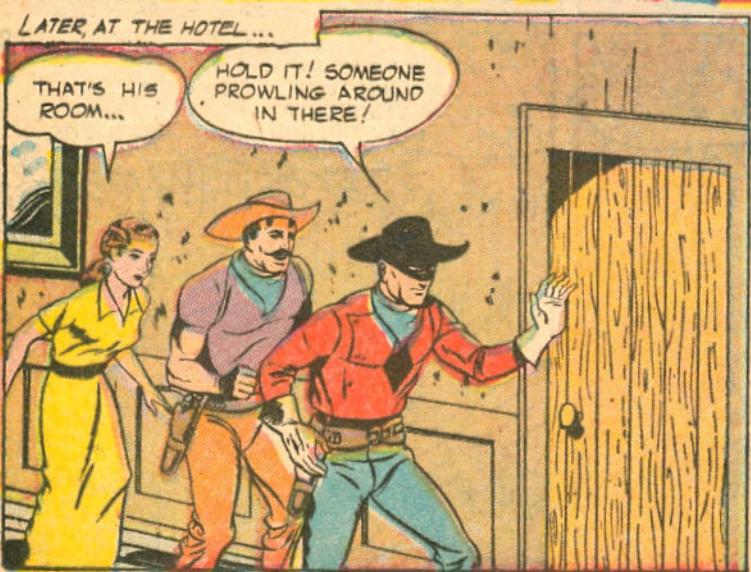
THANKS FOR VOLUNTEERING... I SURE CAN USE SOME HELP!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN COUNT ON ME FOR HELP, BLACK DIAMOND!



DID YOUR FATHER KEEP ANY RECORDS OF HIS WORK?

OH, YES! DAD ALWAYS RECORDED HIS ACTIVITIES! ALL HIS NOTES ARE IN HIS HOTEL ROOM!



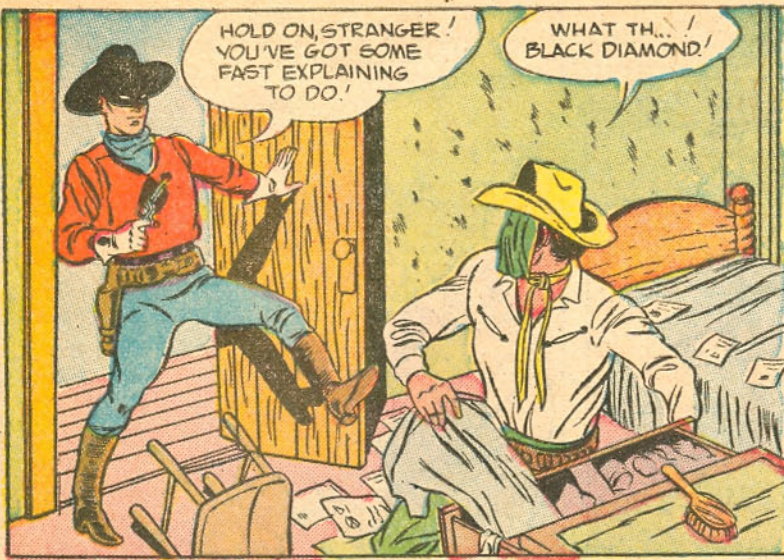
LATER, AT THE HOTEL...

THAT'S HIS ROOM...

HOLD IT! SOMEONE PROWLING AROUND IN THERE!



GET BACK EVERYBODY! THERE MIGHT BE SHOOTING!



HOLD ON, STRANGER! YOU'VE GOT SOME FAST EXPLAINING TO DO!

WHAT TH...! BLACK DIAMOND!



IN AN INSTANT, THE KILLER WHIRLS AND FIRES...

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME, MARSHAL!

GUNS BARK...

BLACK DIAMOND'S AIM IS TRUE! HIS BULLET HITS THE MARK... AND THE KILLER IS WINGED...

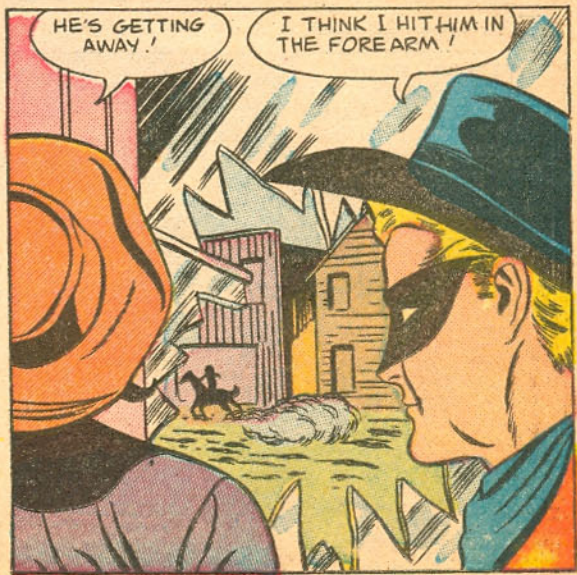


OW! YOU GOT ME IN THE ARM! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

WITH FANATICAL SPEED, THE KILLER HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD THROUGH THE WINDOW...



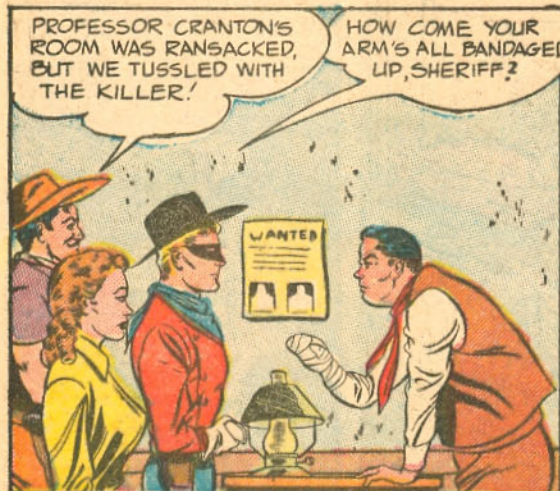
DON'T WORRY, BLACK DIAMOND! WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



HE'S GETTING AWAY!

I THINK I HIT HIM IN THE FOREARM!

BACK AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, THEY REPORT THE INCIDENT...



PROFESSOR CRANTON'S ROOM WAS RANSACKED, BUT WE TUSSELED WITH THE KILLER!

HOW COME YOUR ARM'S ALL BANDAGED UP, SHERIFF?

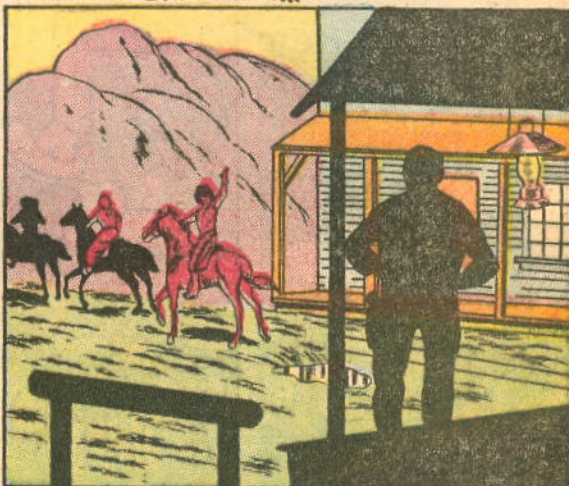


OH, THIS? I WAS CLEANING MY RIFLE... CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT BACKFIRED THOUGH!

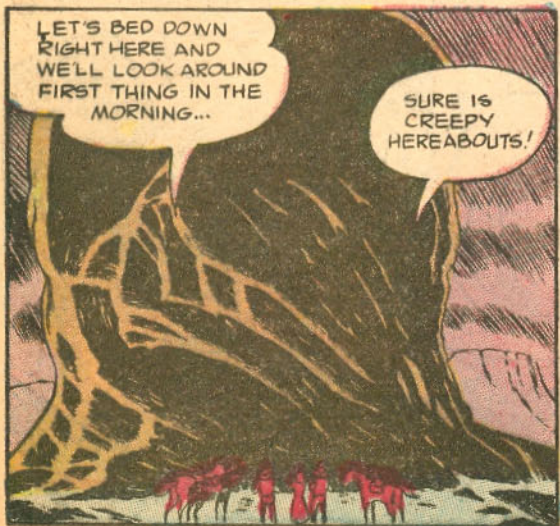


I THINK I'VE GOT SOME CLUES TO THE LOCATION OF THE TREASURE FROM PROFESSOR CRANTON'S RECORDS! WE'RE RIDING OVER TO DEVIL'S DRUM NOW, TO FIND OUT FOR SURE!

WITH SHERIFF REEVES TO SEE THEM OFF, BLACK DIAMOND, BUMPER AND JULIE CRANTON HIT THE TRAIL FOR DEVIL'S DRUM...



THEY ARRIVED SHORTLY AFTER SUNSET...



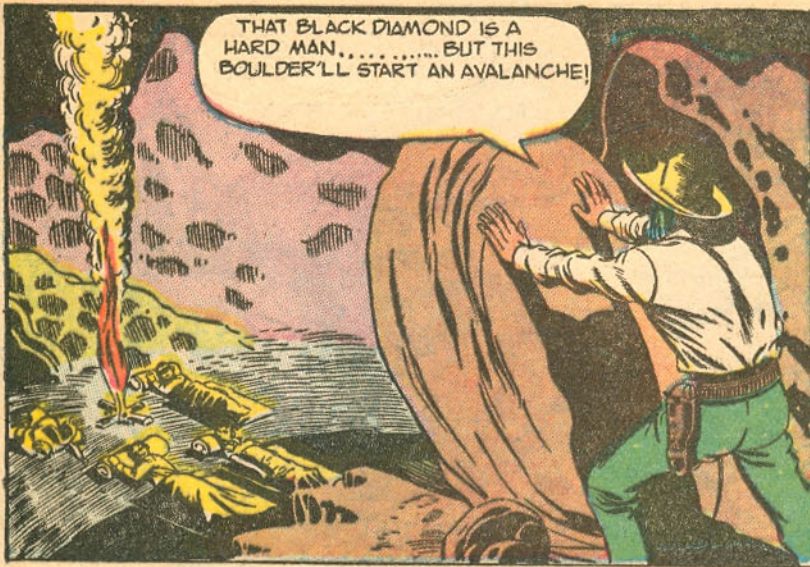
LET'S BED DOWN RIGHT HERE AND WE'LL LOOK AROUND FIRST THING IN THE MORNING...

SURE IS CREEPY  
HEREABOUTS!

SOON, UNDER THE BLACK MOONLESS SKY, THE PARTY IS FAST ASLEEP...



BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET YOU, BLACK DIAMOND! I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!



THAT BLACK DIAMOND IS A HARD MAN..... BUT THIS BOULDER'LL START AN AVALANCHE!



SUDDENLY, RELIAPON SENSES SOMETHING IS WRONG AND BEGINS TO REAR UP...



WHOA! WHAT'S UP? SOME MUST'VE DISTURBED RELIAPON!



THERE'S DIRTY WORK BREWING UP THERE... THAT MURDERING COYOTE IS GOING TO START A LANDSLIDE ANY MINUTE NOW...

GATHERING EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, BLACK DIAMOND BEGINS THE SLOW, AGONIZING CLIMB UP THE MOUNTAIN TO STOP THE MENACING KILLER...



GOT TO GET UP THERE



... AND STOP HIM!

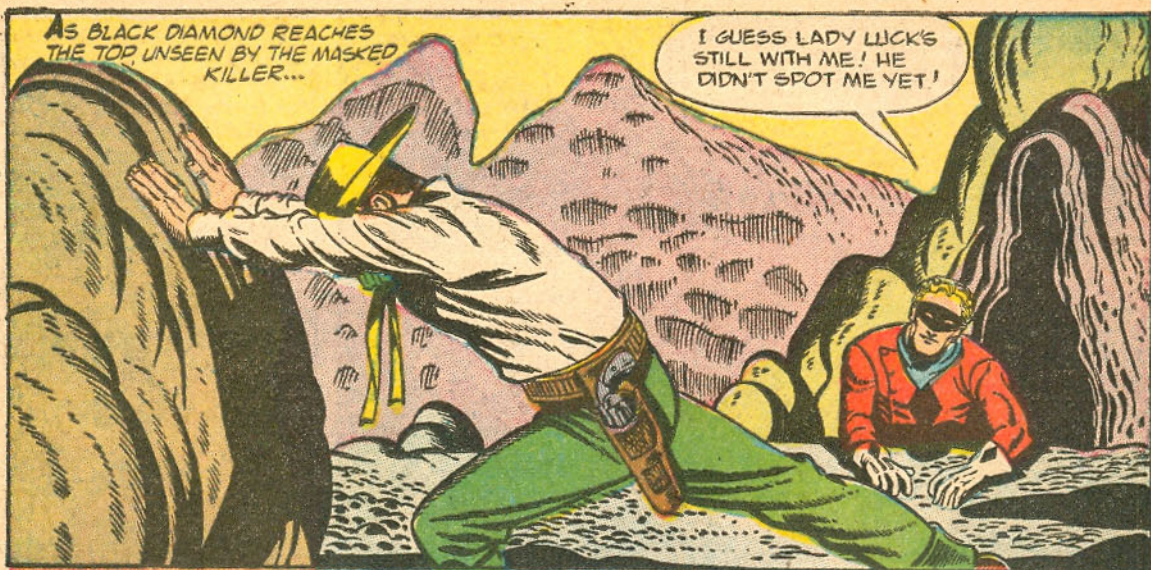


BEFORE HE LOOSENS THAT BOULDER...



... AND KILLS US ALL!





AS BLACK DIAMOND REACHES THE TOP UNSEEN BY THE MASKED KILLER...

I GUESS LADY LUCK'S STILL WITH ME! HE DIDN'T SPOT ME YET!



BLACK DIAMOND! HOW THE...!?

LET'S EVEN UP THE ODDS NOW, YOU POLECAT!



ONLY MOMENTARILY STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK, THE KILLER QUICKLY RECOVERS HIS BALANCE AND FIGHTS WITH ALL THE FEROCITY OF A CRAZY WILDCAT...

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LAWMAN! I'LL...

BUT EVEN BLACK DIAMOND'S POWERFUL FISTS ARE NO MATCH AGAINST A LUCKY PUNCH THE KILLER DELIVERS TO BLACK DIAMOND'S FOREHEAD...

AS BLACK DIAMOND LIES IN A HELPLESS DAZE, THE KILLER DRAWS HIS .45...WHEN SUDDENLY...



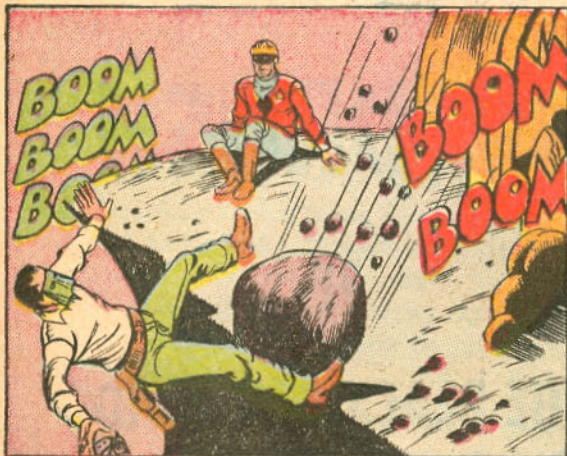
NOW I'VE GOT YA...



YOU'VE REACHED THE END OF YORE TRAIL, MARSHAL!

BOOM!  
BOOM!

THE DEVIL'S DRUM BEATS. THE VIBRATIONS CAUSE A GIANT BOULDER TO BREAK LOOSE, TAKING WITH IT THE KILLER, STANDING IN IT'S PATH, OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF...!



MINUTES LATER, BLACK DIAMOND SCAMPERS DOWN TO FIND BUMPER AND JULIE WITH THE DYING MURDERER.



THE REMOVAL OF THE MASK BRINGS A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



WITH HIS LAST BREATH, THE DYING MAN CONFESSES...



LOOK, BLACK DIAMOND! HE'S GOT A BULLET WOUND ON HIS ARM! YOU DID WING HIM AT THE HOTEL AND TO THINK, I SUSPECTED SHERIFF REEVES BECAUSE OF HIS BANDAGED ARM!



LATER, BACK IN TOWN...



BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER GET READY TO RIDE OUT...

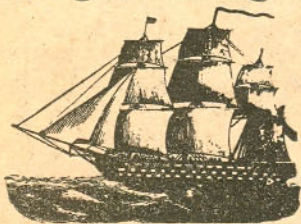


BLACK DIAMOND TURNS AND SMILES A FAREWELL...



THE END

FOR  
**CALIFORNIA!**  
 Mutual Protection  
 Trading & Mining Co.



Having purchased the splendid, Coppered and very fast Malling

**Barque EMMA ISIDORA,**

Will leave about the 15th of February. This vessel will be fitted in the very best manner and is one of the fastest sailing vessels that goes from this port.

Each member pay \$100 dollars and is entitled to an equal proportion of all profits made by the company either at mining or trading, and holds an equal share of all the property belonging to the company. Experience and care will be organized in the mine and claims are already obtained on others of the Company. A new claim is offered to you, yielding a safe investment, good honor and large profits.

This Company is limited to 50 and any wishing to improve this opportunity must make immediate application.

An Experienced Physician will go with the company.

For Freight or Passage apply to 23 State Street, corner of Devonshire St., Boston.

Passengers may be seen.

**JAMES H. PRINCE, Agent,**

23 State Street, corner of Devonshire St., Boston.

For further Particulars, see the Constitution.

For further Particulars, see the Constitution.

# THE BIG GOLDRUSH

BY

## "THE BLACK DIAMOND"

"Old West," have never had the chance to know how it all started.

All the exciting movies and stories about frontier days, cattle rustlers, bank robbers, stagecoach stick-ups, the bad men like the James boys, the Younger brothers, Belle Stark, Annie Oakley and all the rest came later—much later.

Until a certain exciting discovery, there were probably no more than 20,000 people in the far West, not counting Indians. And then in 1848 came news which spread around the world and brought nearly 300,000 people to California, brought them from all parts of the United States and from England, France, China, South America and even from far off Australia. Amazing, in those days without any modern communication that word of huge gold strikes would spread so fast.

It all happened in the strangest way. In 1848 nobody was quite sure to whom California belonged. Mexico considered most of the Northwest hers. Many Americans expected it to become part of the United States of America. Meanwhile, an empire builder named Sutter had come from Switzerland, gotten a huge grant of land from Mexico and started to build an empire of which he hoped to be king. He employed a handful of Americans and Mexicans and a lot of Indians as workers to build this empire and among the big projects he had underway was a sawmill.

When the sawmill was about one-half completed, his foreman, James W. Marshall, discovered something shiny on the bedrock under a stream of water, which was planned as the source of power for the sawmill. It shone like gold. Marshall reached down and picked up a huge nugget.

Was it gold? Marshall had no way of telling, but he put it in a kettle of lye, which was being boiled to make soap. The shiny

metal was boiled all day and when it did not tarnish in the boiling lye, Marshall was certain he had found gold.

That was the end of the sawmill, for none of the workers would stay on the job. All rushed to pan gold. The word spread and some thousands of people in California and Mexico poured into the neighborhood to look for the treasure.

Within a year, one quarter of a million people from all over the world were pushing toward California to share in the fabulous fortune. Many chartered sailing vessels to make the trip which had to go from Eastern ports, like Boston and New York, all the way around Cape Horn, the southern tip of South America, and then all the way up to San Francisco. Others sailed to what is now known as the Isthmus of Panama, then fought their way through the jungle, hoping to catch a boat on the West Coast of Panama to carry them northward.

And just as many pushed their way over land by one route or another, across deserts, over mountains, fording huge and almost unknown rivers of the West.

Of these, thousands were killed by Indians, who resented the approach of the covered wagons and thousands more died in forlorn desert land of cholera. Many historians think at least 200,000 brave souls died before they reached the "Promised Land." These men and women, known as the Forty-Niners, found in California the most unbelievable conditions. Supplies were priced, because of great scarcity, at fabulously high prices. A pick and shovel, an outfit for panning gold, could sell for \$200. or \$300. A night's lodging could cost \$50. and a pound of bacon \$35. But you could buy in San Francisco harbor a huge sailing ship for \$5., because hundreds of ships were stranded. Everybody wanted to go West. There was no demand for a ship to go East.

There was no law and order until six or seven years later when vigilante committees were set up. The law of the land was the rifle and the pistol. Suspected persons were strung up by the neck without a trial.

Millions of dollars in gold was discovered and some got rich. Those who got richest were not the prospectors who went out into the hills, but those who stayed in San Francisco to sell the necessities of life to the miners.

Never before or since has such a spirit of adventure ripped all America. Most of those who survived the trip found bitter disappointment, but some became millionaires.

The important thing, however, is that the gold-rush of 1849 started the great trek to the West—opened up the huge new empire—brought, through the years, millions upon millions of people to the Western states. The great cattle ranches, the great mining enterprises of Nevada and Arizona, the building of the huge Western cities all got their start from the brave souls who dared enormous peril to go West.

There would have been no cowboys, no cattle, no frontier life if the trail had not been blazed by the immortal Forty-Niners. Perhaps, I'll tell you more about these gold rush days in a later issue. I know because my paw was one of the first. Want to hear about those good old days?

# THE WRONG KILLER



IN THE WEST OF EIGHTY YEARS AGO METHODS OF CRIME DETECTION WEREN'T NEARLY AS SCIENTIFIC AS THOSE USED BY MODERN POLICE AND FBI AGENTS. OFTEN, ALL THAT A U.S. MARSHAL HAD WAS GUTS, A HUNCH, AND A FAST HAND ON THE DRAW...

PUT THAT GUN DOWN, KELLEMS! THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A HANGING NOW OR ANY OTHER TIME!

HE KILLED MY BROTHERS, MARSHAL. WE'RE STRINGIN' HIM UP, AND NEITHER YOU NO ANYBODY ELSE IS GONNA STOP US! GET BACK OR I'LL FIRE!

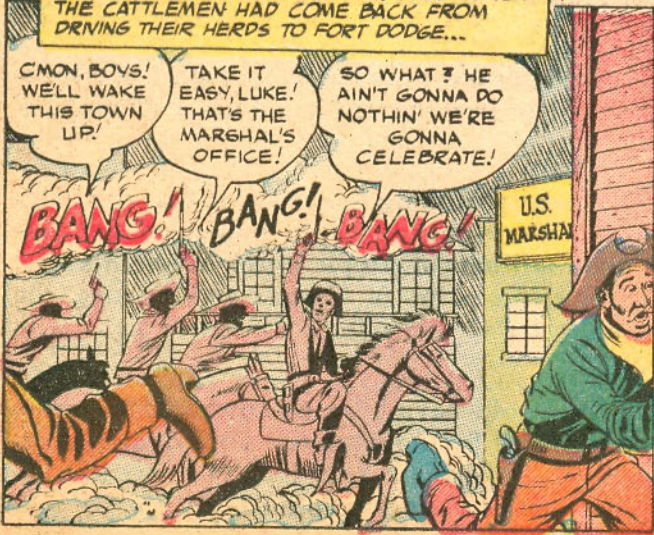
IT WAS A LATE FALL DAY IN 1873 JUST AFTER THE CATTLEMEN HAD COME BACK FROM DRIVING THEIR HERDS TO FORT DODGE...

C'MON, BOYS! WE'LL WAKE THIS TOWN UP!

TAKE IT EASY, LUKE! THAT'S THE MARGHAL'S OFFICE!

SO WHAT? HE AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN' WE'RE GONNA CELEBRATE!

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**



ARREST 'EM DIAMOND! THEY'RE JUST GONNA GET DRUNKER AND CAUSE TROUBLE— LIKE THEY ALWAYS DO!

I KNOW, BUT WE CAN'T ARREST THEM UNTIL THEY'VE DONE SOMETHING! C'MON—WE'RE GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!





I RECKON THEY MUST'VE GONE INTO TH' DRY GULCH.... DIAMOND! LOOK!

THEY DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME!



IT'S THAT SOBUSTER—MOSE FINCH! HE'S DEAD!!

WE DON'T HAFTA LOOK FAR TO FIND THE KILLERS!



THE MAN WHO FIRED THAT SHOT BETTER BE READY TO DRAW AGAIN!

IT WASN'T US, MARSHAL! IT WAS HANK ADAMS. WE GOT HERE JUST AS IT HAPPENED! HE WAS MESSIN' AROUND WITH DOLLY, AND FINCH TRIED TO STOP HIM—AND GOT SHOT FER HIS TROUBLE.

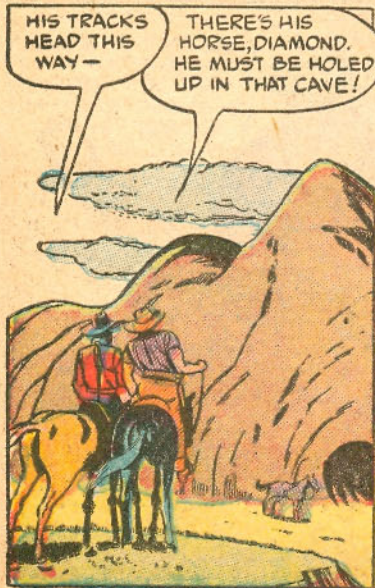
HE HIGH-TAILED IT OUT TH' BACK! SAID HE WAS HEADIN' FER THE HILLS, AND YOU'D NEVER FIND HIM!

C'MON, BUMPER.—WE'VE GOT A RIDE AHEAD OF US!

HANK ADAMS WOULDN'T—

LUKE KELLEMS WAS LYING, DIAMOND! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DIDN'T SEE IT!

I DID, BUT I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW! IF LUKE WANTS TO PIN THIS ON HANK, HE'S GOING TO WANT HIM DEAD—AND I WANT TO KEEP HIM ALIVE. C'MON, HE HASN'T GOT MUCH OF A START!



HIS TRACKS HEAD THIS WAY—

THERE'S HIS HORSE, DIAMOND. HE MUST BE HOLED UP IN THAT CAVE!



C'MON OUT ADAMS—IT'S THE BLACK DIAMOND! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

I DON'T KEER WHO IT IS—FIRST MAN WHO STEPS INTO THIS CAVE'S GETTIN' SHOT! YOU'RE HANGIN' ME FOR ANY MURDER!



DON'T GO IN THERE, DIAMOND! HE'S LOCO ENOUGH TO KILL YOU!

DON'T BE A FOOL, ADAMS. I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU. THROW OUT YOUR GUN!



I WOULDN'T HAVE HIT YOU, DIAMOND! JUST WANTED TO SCARE YOU! I DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO HANG ME! I DON'T WANT TO DE!

NOBODY'S GOING TO HANG YOU IF YOU TELL THE TRUTH, ADAMS. WHO KILLED FINCH?



IT WAS LUKE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYBODY TO TESTIFY HE DONE IT. HE WANTS TO HANG IT ON ME. AND THEY'LL BACK HIM UP! HE TOLD ME TO RUN OR HE'LL SHOOT! THEY'LL KILL ME SURE!

THEY WON'T IF YOU KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! STAY OUT HERE 'TIL I SEND FOR YOU. I'LL HANDLE KELLEMS!



AT THE KELLEM'S RANCH...

YOU BETTER LAY LOW, LUKE. ADAMS GO AWAY FROM ME, AND HE'S GUNNING FOR YOU! HE'S SWORN TO KILL YOU!

YOU THINK I'M GONNA RUN BECAUSE A VELLA GUY LIKE THATS AFTER ME? HE HASN'T GOT THE GUTS TO SHOOT A HORSEFLY!



THANKS FOR WARNING ME, MARSHAL! HAW-HAW!

I DON'T GET IT, DIAMOND!

I'M GOING TO MAKE LUKE SO SCARED HE'LL CONVICT HIMSELF! BART'S GOING TO CALL ON HIS GIRL TONIGHT, AND WERE GOING TO GET HIM!



I'LL GRAB HIM AROUND THE NECK AND YOU GAG HIM! MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE. BUT DON'T HURT HIM!



TAKE IT EASY, SON! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET HURT!

PUT HIM IN JAIL, BUMPER— I'M GOING TO SEE LUKE KELLEMS!



I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU, LUKE. BUT SOMEBODY SHOT BART TONIGHT! I THINK IT WAS HANK ADAMS!

BART... DEAD? NO—HE COULDN'T BE! I'LL GET ADAMS FOR THAT— I'LL GET HIM!!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

SORRY, WYETH, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US— WHETHER YOU WANT TO TO OR NOT!

HE KILLED WYETH? NO...NO! YOU GOTTA STOP THAT KILLER, DIAMOND! HE'S GONNA GET US ALL!

WHY WOULD HE GUN FOR YOU, LUKE? WHAT DID YOU EVER DO TO HIM?

NOTHIN'... HE'S CRAZY! HE'S A LUNATIC! DON'T STAND AROUND HERE—GET HIM!!

OKAY, LUKE! BUT BE CAREFUL! DON'T LET HIM GET THE DROP ON YOU!

HE'S SURE SCARED, DIAMOND. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY!

BULLIES LIKE LUKE KELLEMS ARE ALWAYS YELLOW IF YOU DIG DEEP ENOUGH! HE'S GONNA GET SCARED ENOUGH TO CRACK PRETTY SOON—AND THEN WE'LL GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM!

MEANWHILE, HANK ADAMS WAS GETTING RESTLESS...

IT...IT'S HANK ADAMS!!

HE'S GOT A NERVE RIDIN' IN HERE AFTER KILLIN' TWO OF TH' KELLEMS BOYS! GO TELL LUKE, AND I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET ENOUGH MEN TO TAKE HIM!

I CAN'T GET OUT THERE FOREVER! DIAMOND MUST'VE FORGOT TO TELL ME...

YOU KNOW WHAT WE WANT, ADAMS! YOU GOT A DATE WITH LUKE KELLEMS

WHA—? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LET ME GO I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'!

YOU'RE A YELLA LIAR, ADAMS! I'M GONNA TREAT YOU JUST THE WAY YOU TREATED MY BROTHERS!

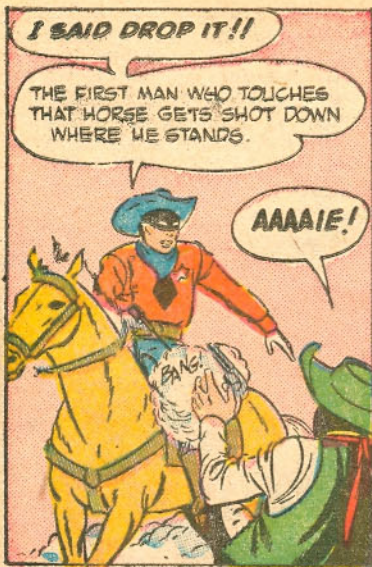
MARSHAL! IT'S A LYNCHIN'! THEY'RE HANGIN' THE GUY WHO KILLED THE KELLEMS BOYS!

THAT BLASTED FOOL MUST'VE COME BACK TO TOWN! C'MON, BUMPER.

DROP THAT GUN, KELLEMS. YOU'RE NOT TAKING THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS!

HE KILT MY BROTHERS, MARSHAL! NOBODY GONNA STOP ME FROM GETTING REVENGE! KICK THE HORSE OUT, BOYS!





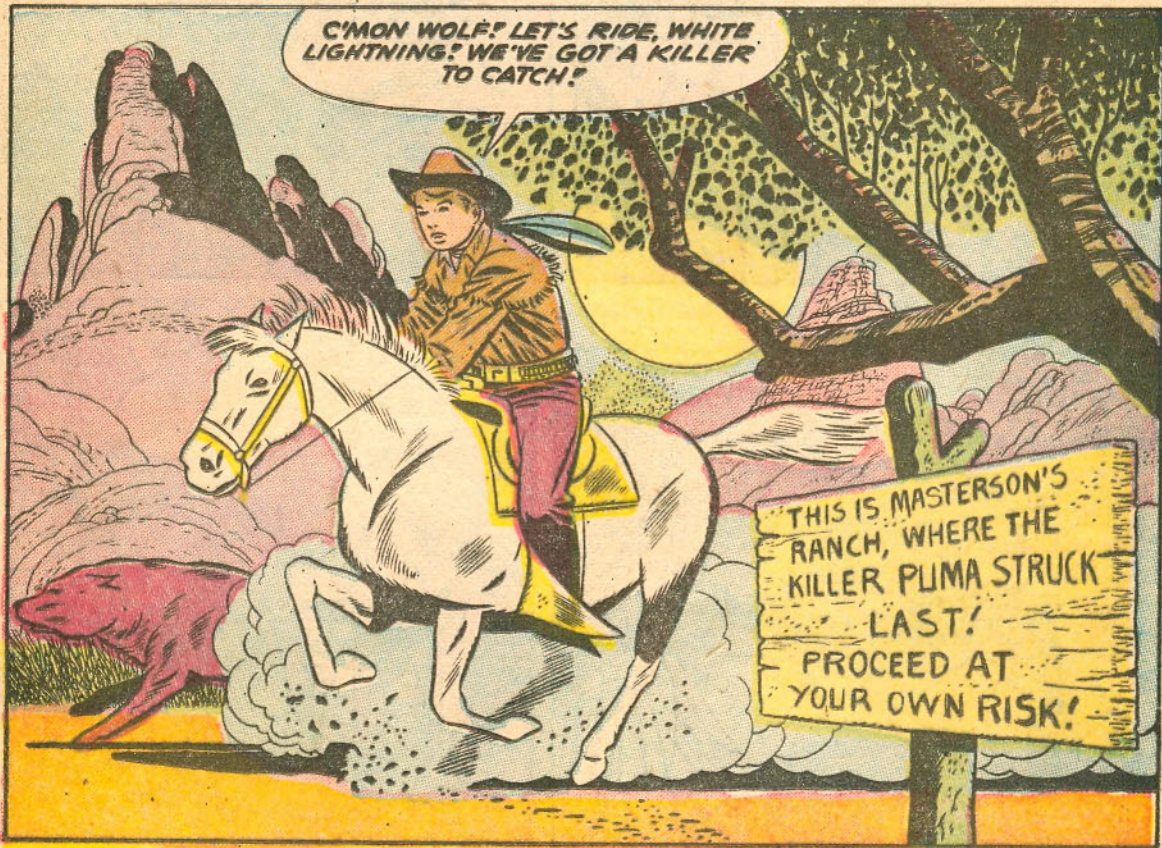


# RED FIRE



in "THE PHANTOM PUMA"

A MAN CAN STAND A FLESH AND BLOOD ENEMY, BUT EVEN THE BRAVEST WILL FEEL HIS BLOOD RUN COLD WHEN HE IS THREATENED BY THE **SUPERNATURAL!** RED FIRE KNEW HE HAD TO CALM THE PANICKED MEN, AND HE HAD TO DO IT FAST... BEFORE THE INHUMAN KILLER CLAIMED HIM AS ITS NEXT VICTIM!



IT WAS ALMOST DUSK, AS LANK MASTERSON AND HIS NEPHEW JESS WERE HEADING FOR THEIR RANCH HOUSE...





I AIN'T GOIN' OUT, MASTERSON! AIN'T YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE INDIAN GOD OF DEATH? HE TAKES THE FORM OF A PUMA, AN' GITS REVENGE ON WHITE MEN!

YOU MAKE ME SICK, WATERS! I KNEW YOU WERE GETTIN' OLD, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D STARTED BELIEVING IN GHOSTS! DOES ANYBODY HAVE THE GUTS TO RIDE WITH ME?



I'LL GO!

STAY HERE, BOY! THIS IS A MAN'S JOB, IF THERE ARE ANY MEN HERE!

OKAY, I'LL GO!

YEAH...

THE MEN AT THE RANCH WAITED NERVOUSLY FOR OVER AN HOUR, AND THEN...



IT'S MASTERSON?

IT JUMPED US OUT OF NOWHERE! THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!?



I DROVE IT OFF AND THEN I BURIED 'EM! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO BIG! EYES SHINED IN THE DARK! UGH!

THAT DOES IT! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE! COME SUNUP!

RED FIRE'S AN INDIAN "HELL KNOW WHAT TO DO!"



THERE WON'T BE A MAN LEFT IN THE VALLEY UNLESS WE CAN GET THAT PUMA! DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE LEGEND, RED FIRE?

I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AROUND BEFORE I MAKE UP MY MIND ABOUT THIS ONE. LET'S RIDE OVER TO WHERE THE MEN WERE ATTACKED!



IT MUST'VE BEEN AROUND HERE!

THEN IT MUST'VE LEAPED FROM UP ABOVE! TARNATION! GET TO YOURS HORSE, JESS! WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW HIM!



IT'S GONE! BUT... WHERE?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT'S GONNA BE DARK SOON, AND WE'D BETTER BE GETTIN' BACK TO THE RANCH!



IF RED FIRE HADN'T SHOT WHEN HE DID, IT WOULD HAVE GOT US BOTH!

I AIN'T YELLOW, BUT I KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO CLEAR OUT!



THE NEXT MORNING...

HELLO, RED FIRE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE TO ASK A FAVOR, BEN! CAN I SEE A MAP SHOWING THE LAND AROUND MASTERSON'S RANCH?



THAT'S MASTERSON'S RANCH TO THE SOUTH, AND HAROLD JUDSON OWNS THE LAND JUST NORTH—FROM THE TERRITORY TO THE WICHITA RIVER!

HMMM? DID EITHER ONE EVER TRY TO BUY THE OTHER OUT?



SURE, BUT NEITHER WOULD SELL! ANYTHING ELSE I CAN TELL YOU?

NO THANKS, JED. BE SEEN' YOU

JUDSON'S GOTTA BE THE KEY MAN IN THIS! THINK I'LL PAY HIM A CALL



I'M GETTIN' UP A POSSE TO HUNT THE PUMA THAT'S BEEN RAIDING MASTERSON'S RANCH, AND I THOUGHT SOME OF YOUR MEN MIGHT HELP, JUDSON!

THE PUMA HASN'T BOTHERED US AT ALL! BUT THE MEN ARE GETTIN' PLENTY RESTLESS, THOUGH!



IT'S FUNNY THAT LANK MASTERSON WOULD LOSE TWO MEN AND OVER TEN STEERS, AND YOU WOULDN'T BE ATTACKED AT ALL! I HOPE YOUR LUCK HOLDS, JUDSON! YOU'VE GOT A VALUABLE RANCH HERE! I HOPE NOTHIN' HAPPENS TO IT!

DON'T WORRY, RED FIRE... IT WON'T!



THE BIG CAT ATTACKED JUDSON'S RANCH LAST NIGHT! HE LOST A MAN AND FIVE STEERS!

THAT SETTLES IT... THIS LAND'S JINXED! I'M GONNA SELL WHILE THE RANCH IS STILL WORTH SOMETHIN'!

NO, DON'T DO ANYTHING YET! I'VE GOT SOME HUNCHES, BUT I WANT TO SEE JUDSON FIRST!



I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED MR. JUDSON? DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD LOOK AT THE DEAD STEERS??

WE SLAUGHTERED THEM ALREADY! THE WEATHER'S SO HOT I WAS AFRAID THE MEAT WOULD SPOIL!



YOU DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME! NOW NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW WHETHER THEY WERE KILLED BY A PUMA OR NOT?

I'M SICK OF YOU HINTING I'M BEHIND THIS. I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE A KID, YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!



I'M SORRY, I GUESS I SPOUTED OFF A LITTLE! IT'S JUST THAT SOMETHING'S FISHY, AND I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY ANY MORE!

THAT'S OK, SON! I'M PRETTY EDGY MYSELF! HALF MY MEN HAVE QUIT ALREADY. I'M AFRAID I'M GONNA HAVE TO SELL OUT WHILE I STILL CAN!



LATER... ON THE TRAIL...

I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET THIS PUMA QUICK **AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!** GET BACK TO THE RANCH AND GET SOME SHOTGUNS!

OKAY... BUT I SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT THIS WAS ALL ABOUT!



WE'RE GOING TO THE PLACE WHERE HE JUMPED YOU! DON'T WORRY, HE WON'T SNEAK UPON US!

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS... IT'S NOT WORTH IT! **SOMEBODY** WILL GET HIM!



HOURS LATER, RED FIRE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.

BUT WHY DID YOU PUT DUMMIES ON OUR HORSES, RED FIRE? AND WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'S GONNA SHOW UP?

I'M NOT! BUT IF HE DOES, I WANT HIM TO ATTACK THE DUMMIES... NOT US! I THINK... **QUIET???** THAT'S HIM!



STOP RIGHT THERE, OR I'LL FIRE!

WHAT...??



WATCH OUT, RED FIRE! IT'S GOT A GUN!

**BAM!**



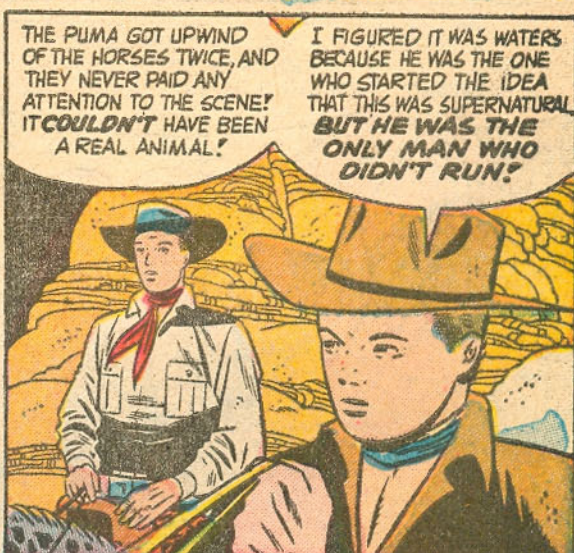
BUT, I... I DON'T...

COMON! WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THIS PUMA, RIGHT NOW!



IT... IT'S VAUGHAN WATERS!

YEAH... IN A PUMA DISGUISE! COMON, LET'S GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!



THE PUMA GOT UPWIND OF THE HORSES TWICE, AND THEY NEVER PAID ANY ATTENTION TO THE SCENE! IT **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN A REAL ANIMAL!

I FIGURED IT WAS WATERS BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONE WHO STARTED THE IDEA THAT THIS WAS SUPERNATURAL **BUT HE WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO DIDN'T RUN!**



BUT, WHY DID... YIIIIIIII??

I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU 'TILL... **GET OUT OF HERE FAST!**

**BANG!**  
**BANG!**



RIDE HARD, JESS! HE WON'T FOLLOW US! **HEAD FOR THE RANCH!**

**RED FIRE AND JESS REACH THE MASTERSON RANCH SAFELY, AND THEN, MINUTES LATER...**



WHY DOES UNCLE LANK BE OUT RIDING AT NIGHT?

I EXPECT HE GOT WORRIED ABOUT YOU, JESS. HERE HE COMES NOW!



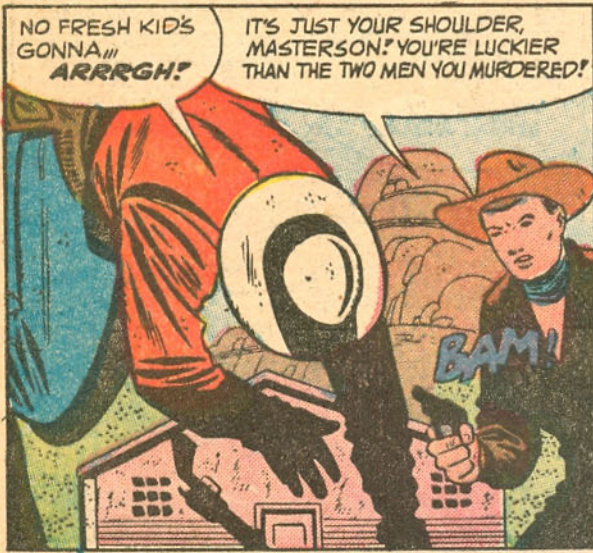
THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE! I HEARD SHOTS!

I'M NOT SURPRISED, MASTERSON. "SEEN' YOU FIRED THEM!"



YOU AND WATERS RIGGED THE WHOLE THING TO TRY AND SCARE JUDSON OFF HIS RANCH! "DON'T DRAW THAT GUN!"

YOU TALK TOO MUCH!



NO FRESH KID'S GONNA "ARRRGH?"

IT'S JUST YOUR SHOULDER, MASTERSON! YOU'RE LUCKIER THAN THE TWO MEN YOU MURDERED!

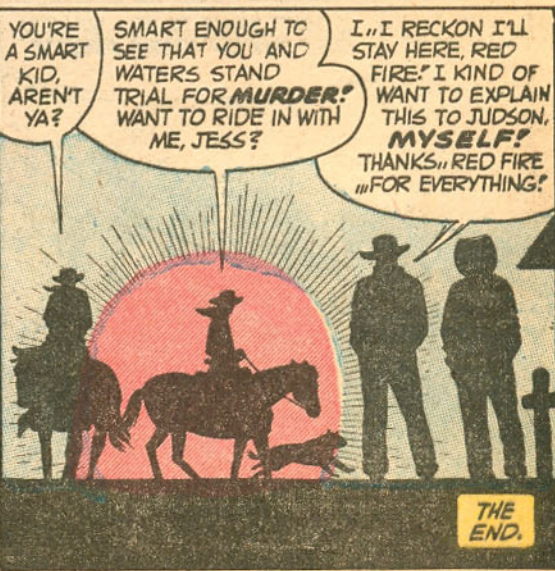
BAM!



I'M SORRY, JESS! I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU 'TIL I WAS SURE! I LEARNED FROM THE DEED'S OFFICE THAT YOUR UNCLE HAD TRIED TO BUY JUDSON OUT, AND JUDSON WOULDN'T SELL! HE AND WATERS RIGGED THIS TO FORCE HIM OUT!



YOUR UNCLE'S LAND HUNGRY, AND HE WOULDN'T LET JUDSON STAND IN HIS WAY! THIS WAY HE'D FORCE DOWN THE VALUE OF BOTH RANCHES, AND THEN BUY JUDSON OUT!



YOU'RE A SMART KID, AREN'T YA?

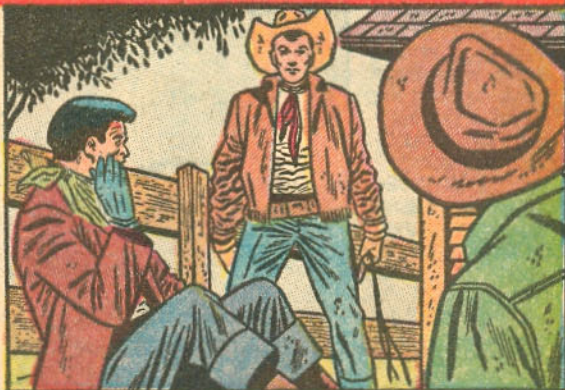
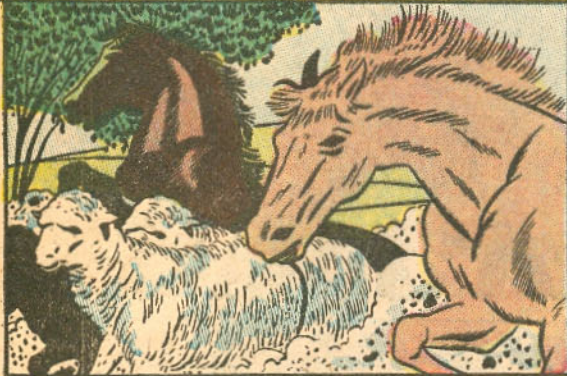
SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THAT YOU AND WATERS STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER! WANT TO RIDE IN WITH ME, JESS?

I "I RECKON I'LL STAY HERE, RED FIRE." I KIND OF WANT TO EXPLAIN THIS TO JUDSON. MYSELF! THANKS "RED FIRE" FOR EVERYTHING!

THE END.

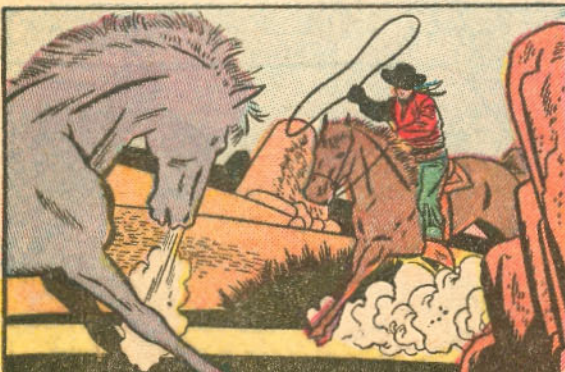
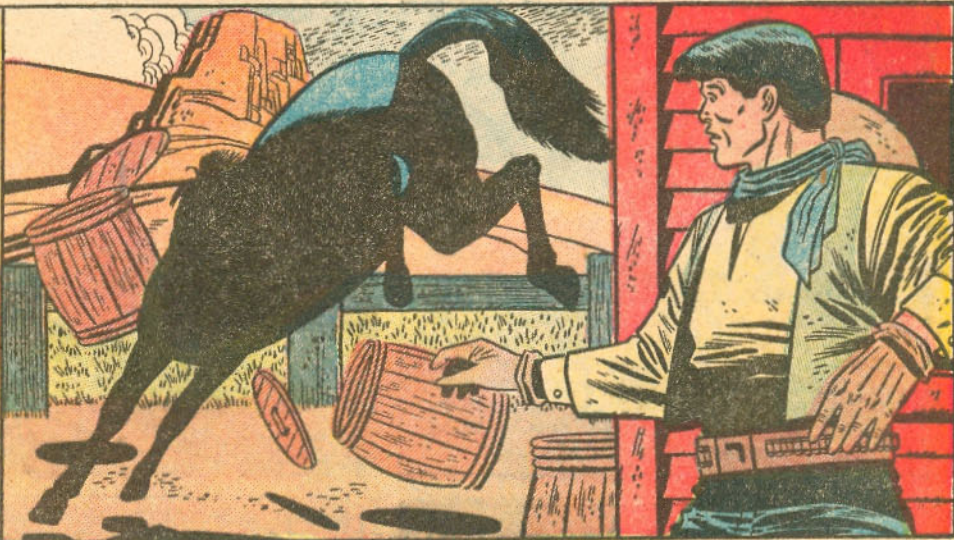
# WESTERN LORE

**I**N THE OLD WEST, SHEEPMEN BECAME THE NATURAL ENEMIES OF THE CATTLEMEN. THIS ENMITY WAS CAUGHT BY THE ANIMALS THEMSELVES. FREQUENTLY, HORSES OR COWS, SMELLING WOOL, WOULD STAMPEDE AND ATTACK THE OFFENDING SHEEP.



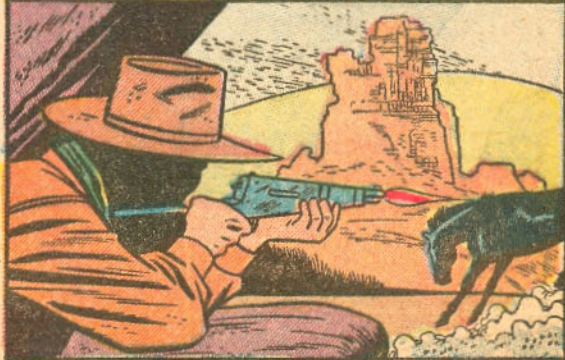
**C**OWBOYS RESPECTED THEIR CATTLE AND HORSES. IF A COWBOY WAS UNNECESSARILY CRUEL TO HIS HORSE, HE WOULD BE WHIPPED BY THE OTHER MEN FOR HIS CRUELTY!

**A** FRIGHTENED WILD HORSE WILL LOSE HIS GOOD JUDGEMENT. HE WILL RUSH UP AGAINST A DANGEROUS BARRIER OR EVEN KILL HIMSELF ONCE CAPTURED. HOWEVER A WILD HORSE ENJOYS THE COMPANY OF HUMAN BEINGS. OF COURSE, THE WAY TO OVERCOME A WILD HORSE'S FEAR IS TO FEED HIM.



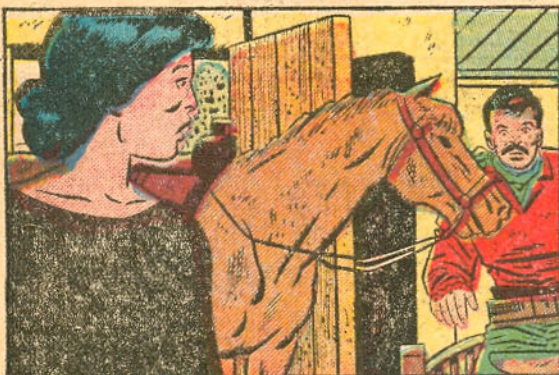
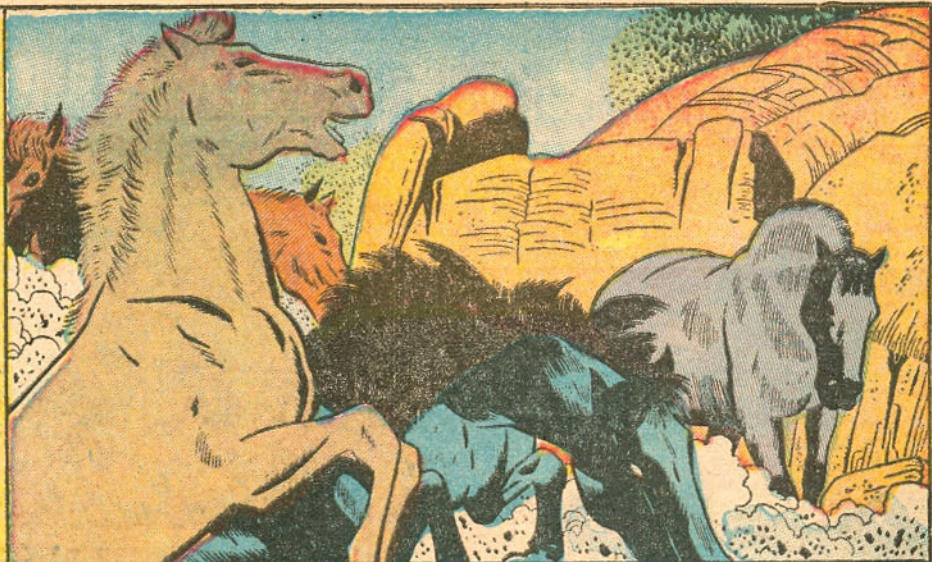
**W**ILD HORSES WERE SOMETIMES CAPTURED BY CHASING THEM UNTIL THEY WERE EXHAUSTED. HUNTERS HAD TO CHANGE MOUNTS TWO OR EVEN THREE TIMES BEFORE HUNTED PRIZE HORSES COULD BE RUN DOWN.

**A**NOTHER WAY OF CAPTURING A WILD HORSE WAS KNOWN AS "CREASING." THIS MEANT GRAZING THE NECK OF A HORSE WITH A BULLET. THIS SERVED TO STUN THE HORSE COMPLETELY FOR A FEW MINUTES, BUT WOULD DO HIM NO PERMANENT INJURY.



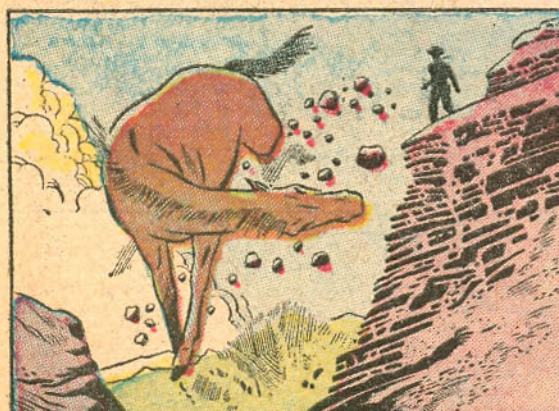
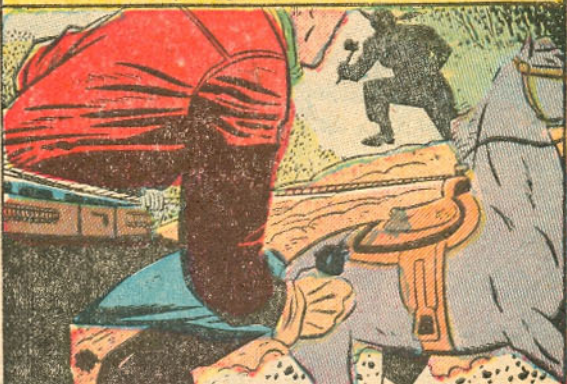


**E**VERY HERD OF WILD HORSES HAD A LEADER, A FIGHTING STALLION. HE WAS AN EXCELLENT 'COW-BOY, DIRECTING HIS BAND BY NIPPING AT THE FLANKS OF THOSE HORSES WHO DIDN'T KEEP IN LINE. HE WOULD FIND DRINKING WATER AND HIDE-OUTS; WAS ALWAYS THE LAST TO DRINK. THE STALLION RETAINED HIS LEADERSHIP ONLY SO LONG AS HE COULD FIGHT OFF AN ATTACK OF ANY CHALLENGING HORSE.



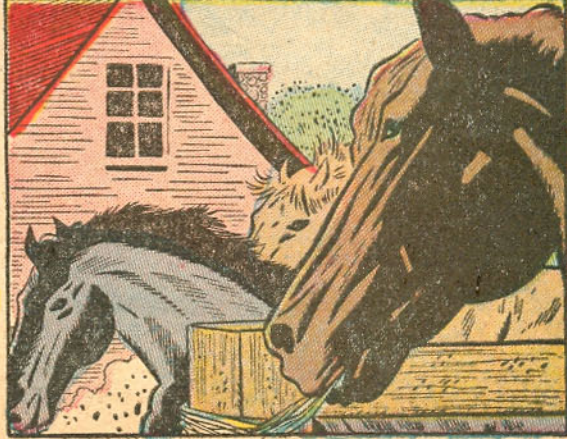
**T**HE WESTERNER'S BEST FRIEND WAS HIS HORSE. FREQUENTLY, A HORSE WOULD GIVE UP HIS LIFE DEFENDING HIS MASTER. ONE HORSE ALMOST COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, HIS SADDLE BADLY BLOOD-STAINED, WALKED INTO A HOUSE, NIPPED THE SHOULDER OF THE HOMEOWNER, IN ORDER TO GET HIM TO BRING AID TO A WOUNDED RIDER.

**T**HE COWBOY HAD TO BE READY FOR ACTION AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE, HE WOULD SLEEP FULLY DRESSED WITH A LARIAT AROUND HIM TIED TO HIS HORSE. IN THE EVENT OF AN EMERGENCY--STAMPEDE OR INDIAN ATTACK, THE RUSH OF A HORSE WOULD GET A COWBOY INTO ALMOST IMMEDIATE ACTION!



**W**HAT WILL A WILD HORSE DO IN ORDER TO AVOID CAPTURE? ON OCCASION, SUCH HORSES HAVE PREFERRED SUICIDE! ONE WESTERNER RELATES HOW A WILD HORSE, CORNERED NEAR THE GRAND CANYON CHOSE PLUNGING TO HIS DEATH OVER A CLIFF, RATHER THAN BE TAKEN BY A MAN ON FOOT!

**E**LUSIVE WILD HORSES USED VARIOUS MEANS TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF THEIR BANDS. THEY WOULD ATTACK OTHER WILD GROUPS OF HORSES. ON OCCASION, THEY WOULD VISIT RANCHES AND INDUCE TAME HORSES TO ESCAPE!



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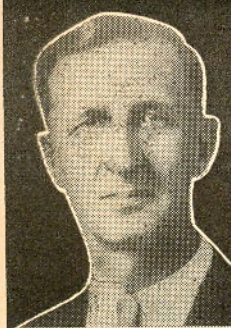
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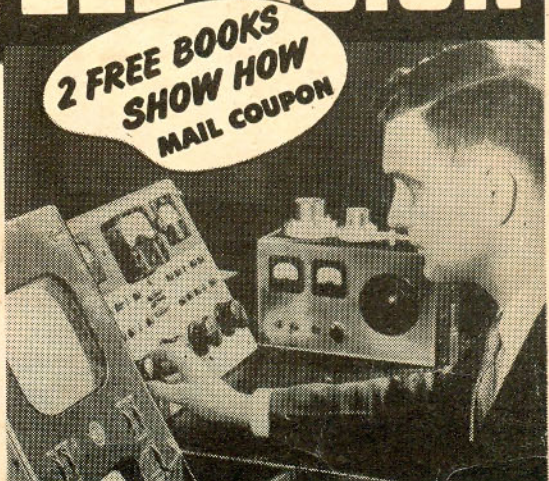
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You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

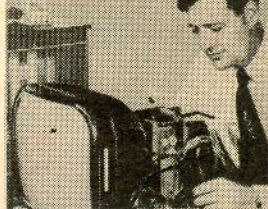
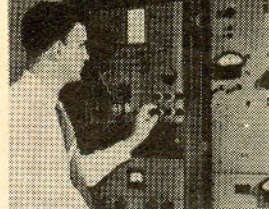
Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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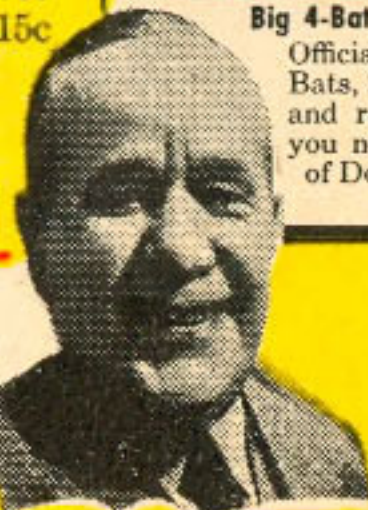
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